

Daugh. As ever you heard, but say nothing.

1. *Fr.* No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedom to
 Ile warrant ye, he had not so few last night
 As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl't up
 In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's lost
 Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. *Fr.* Do's she know him?

1. *Fr.* No, would she did.

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compasse?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
 Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
 Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
 Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your
 Whistle Master?

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. *Fr.* Heere.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

2. *Fr.* A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it master: take about : *Singes.*
When Cynthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.

Emilia. Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must
 And bleed to death for my sake else, Ile choofe, (open
 And end their strife: Two such yong handsom men
 Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
 Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes
 Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What a sweet face has *Arcite*? if
 With all her best endowments, all th
 She sowes into the birthes of noble
 Were here a mortall woman, and ha
 The coy denials of yong Maydes, y
 She would run mad for this man: w
 Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick
 Has this yong Prince? Here Love hi
 Iust such another wanton *Ganymede*
 Set Love a fire with, and enforced th
 Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set hi
 A shining constellation: What a bro
 Of what a spacious Majesty he carri
 Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, bu
 Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? F
 Me thinks from hence, as from a Pr
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their
 To all the under world, the Loves, a
 Of gods, and such men neere 'em. *P*
 Is but his foyle, to him, a meere du
 Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye
 As if he had lost his mother; a stil
 No stirring in him, no alacrity,
 Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a
 Yet these that we count errors ma
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a hea
 Oh who can finde the bent of wom
 I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd fo
 That women ought to beate me. Or
 I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou
 And only beutifull, and these the ey
 These the bright lamps of beauty, t
 And threaten Love, and what yong
 What a bold gravity, and yet invit
 Has this browne manly face? O I
 From this howre is Complexion: I
 Thou art a changling to him, a meere

What